New York Tribune

First to Last—the Truth: News—Editorials—Advertisements

Member of the Audit Bureau of Circulations

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 7, 1919

Owned and published daily by New York Tribune Inc., a New York Corporation. Ogden Reid, President; G. Vernor Rogers, Vice President; Richard H. Lee, Secretary; F. A. Suter, Treasurer. Address, Tribune Building, 154 Nassau Street, New York. Telephone, Beekman 3000.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES—By Mail, including Postage.

IN THE UNITED STATES AND CANADA:	One Year	Six Months	Three Months	One Month
Daily and Sunday	$10.00	$5.00	$2.50	$1.00
Daily only	8.00	4.00	2.00	.75
Sunday only	3.00	1.50	.75	.30
Sunday only, Canada	5.00	2.50	1.25	.50
FOREIGN RATES				
Daily and Sunday	$24.00	$12.00	$6.00	$2.25
Daily only	18.00	9.00	4.50	1.50
Sunday only	8.00	4.00	2.00	.75

Entered at the Postoffice at New York as Second Class Mail Matter

MEMBER OF THE ASSOCIATED PRESS

The Associated Press is exclusively entitled to the use for republication of all news dispatches credited to it or not otherwise credited in this paper and also the local news of spontaneous origin published herein.

Lenine Obliges

The Soviet government, which has been steadily growing in military power and which now aspires to foreign recognition as well as to internal stabilization, has accepted the invitation recently sent it to enter the Princes' Islands conference.

The Council of Ten at Paris will send representatives to the Sea of Marmora to arrange a settlement with Lenine and Trotzky.

Allied policy in Russia has for many months led nowhere. Now it leads to a lonely watering place off Constantinople, where the Russian problem may be solved by one of those electrifying surprise shifts which so frequently occur in high diplomacy melodrama.

It is intimated that Lenine and Trotzky are willing to promise to pay Russia's debts and to welcome a new influx of capital, instead of Bolshevizing Europe. Now, suddenly, we are to believe that these priests of terror have transformed the lawless proletariat to which they pandered into a closely organized socialistic republic, controlled by military force. But what pledges can the Bolshevist emissaries carry to Princes' Islands? If they promise financial adjustment and a resumption of economic relations with the world, is that enough? Is it thus that we compose our horror of their conduct? How shall we unwrite the invitation we issued to civilization to share our uncontrollable moral indignation at the whole Bolshevist régime? Perhaps Lenine and Trotzky, attending to their own survival, will attend also to that and require from the peace conference a certificate of character.

Reading at Eckartsau

Charles of Hapsburg, sometime Emperor of Austria and Apostolic King of Hungary, has a great deal less reason for remorse and penitence than his colleague in glory and downfall, the well known tenant of Amerongen Castle. He has also less ground to apprehend retributory justice. He may derive a kind of solace from the consciousness that when the end came he did not, like a mere German kaiser or an embezzling bank cashier, take the first train to safety, but faced his destiny, if not like a Cicero or a Senech, at least like an average gentleman with a normal sense of honor. Nevertheless, his lot is unenviable. He is said to have family trouble. If so, irritation out of ennui may have to do with it. His days must be dull and his evenings long. There are no occasions of state at Eckartsau, no levees and dinners and balls, no grand opera and theatre, not even a moving picture show. So—since golf is largely unknown in those parts—the ex-monarch probably has to fall back upon reading as his last line of defence against desolation.

Still, reading has its dangers for a former Hapsburg emperor. Volumes of history may bring him little cheer. Was it not Gladstone who said that in no part of Europe has Austria ever done good? He might have said there are only a few places where she did no evil. European history is like a castle where every closet has a Hapsburg skeleton. The list of Hapsburg misdeeds covers probably a wider range, in place and time, than that of any other ruling house. In comparison even the Hohenzollerns look like mere provincial upstarts.

On the other hand, if Charles be a philosopher, he might find both pleasure and instruction—however belated the latter—in looking up the family correspondence. Passages such as the one quoted below from a letter of his great ancestress, Maria Theresa, to her Ambassador at Paris, Mercy-Argenteau, may appeal to him:

> "We wished to act in the Prussian fashion, and at the same time retain the appearance of decency. We cherished a vain illusion."

No doubt Charles knows the feeling. Perhaps the following fragment of a letter, written in 1778 by Maria Theresa to her daughter Marie Antoinette, will strike him as equally prophetic:

> "France has had the experience, on many occasions, that she can not rely on the word of Prussia. Banishing all principles of right and truthfulness, Prussia makes a mockery of all treaties and alliances. . . . We already feel the weight of a despotism whose policy is always guided by its own convenience alone, which acts never by principles, always by brute force. If Prussia is permitted to expand, what perspectives await our successors! And this thing will go on increasing forever. . . ."

True, all except the last. Not forever, as the world knows since November 11, 1918.

Mr. Warburg's Plan for the Railroads

The constructive contribution made yesterday by Mr. Paul Warburg to the literature of the railroad problem cannot fail to arrest widespread attention. Mr. Warburg approaches the question of what to do with our great transportation system from the point of view of his valuable experience as a member of the Federal Reserve Board in the first four years of its existence. The solution he offers will commend itself for its simplicity and its adequate consideration of the widely conflicting interests involved.

It is universally recognized that the roads must have a more adequate return upon their investment, or they fail. At the present time, as Mr. Warburg points out, only about ten of the more important companies are able to sell their capital stock at par or above. Unless they have assurance of a larger return, the roads cannot go on raising money at increasing rates of interest on mortgages. The alternative is a higher return or government ownership in some form.

Mr. Warburg reviews at length the difficulties involved in the latter, the lack of initiative and enterprise, the inevitable political pressure, the tendency to extravagance. He remarks:

> "Anybody who has lived for four years in Washington and has had the opportunity for intimate observations of the difficulties, delays and dangers lying in the way of government administration must shudder when he thinks of what would be the result for our body politic and economic if twenty billions' worth of railroad property became the object for development and operation by a party government. Who would doubt that through the elimination of competition and the substitution of governmental officialdom for private enterprise, general efficiency and progress would suffer, while the cost of operation would increase by leaps and bounds?
>
> "In order to protect the roads from the grave danger of seeing their offices filled through a process of political favoritism, it is necessary to erect the breastworks of the civil service system. But the latter has the never-failing effect of deadening personal ambition and the spirit of enterprise, and of creating in its stead a system of slow-moving and, on the whole, inefficient bureaucracy."

Mr. Warburg acutely points out that even a five-year test under government operation would not offer any real evidence as to future results, inasmuch as "the test would be carried on with a staff and under the leadership of men still trained in the school of modern business, such as bureaucracy after ten years of administration would no longer be capable of producing." Regarding these difficulties as inherently insuperable and opposed to the whole spirit of the country, he asks if there is no middle ground. There has been wide agreement as to some form of government guarantee, or rates assuring adequate return. But upon what basis?

Not upon original cost, replies Mr. Warburg, for that is simply impossible to determine. Scarcely on replacement value, for at the present level of costs and materials this would be extravagant and unjust to the country. Not upon the average net earnings, for these have been confessedly too low to permit of proper development of the roads. Scarcely upon prevailing stock and bond values, for in these there has been a ruinous slump.

> "The enumeration of these difficulties leads us to the conclusion that no mathematical or technical rule could probably be devised that if fair to one road might not be doing violence, or be too favorable, to another. Shall we then throw up our hands and surrender to government operation? Let us remember that government operation cannot be brought about without condemnation proceedings, which again must be based upon a valuation."

In order to cut the Gordian knot—"as inevitably we must"—or fail, Mr. Warburg suggests an expert and impartial body with functions in many ways not unlike that of the Federal Reserve Board, charged with the duty not to attempt to drive the hardest possible bargain, but, like a court of justice, to determine a fair value for the properties without formalism or long delays. He imagines, for example, a board of five made up, say, of one member each from the law, finance, business and labor and one railroad man.

This board should lay down a broad principle of valuation, having consideration alike for actual investment, losses, present difficulties and present earnings—in brief, a board of equity rather than of technical experts, aiming to consider alike the rights of the owners, the shippers and the whole country. On the basis of this valuation, which need not take a great while, he proposes that the government shall in effect guarantee a minimum return of 4½ per cent, even to the weaker and less favorably situated roads.

Such rates would naturally mean a much higher return to the stronger and more efficiently managed roads. Over 6 per cent Mr. Warburg would divide the surplus among the stockholders, the government and the employes of the road, with a fixed minimum over which the earnings of the stockholders should not go. But he would also make provision granting the directors and officers of the road a certain share in the net returns exceeding 4½ per cent. He here adds: "I do not believe in fixed excessive salaries or directors' fees without a definite relation to the success of their work." But he would provide some incentive, of the strongest possible sort, so that we should no longer have "dummy" directors or the higher officials interested only in their salaries.

It is obvious that under this plan there would have to be some radical readjustments of capitalization of certain companies; but, in the aggregate, these would be unimportant. Foreseeing that the proper development of our transportation system inevitably involves absorption of the weaker lines, and growth into larger units, he would provide for a Federal franchise, freeing them from the restrictions of the Sherman act, pooling, etc., and leaving them subject only to a Federal regulating body, having exclusive control of interstate rates and the issue of securities by such roads.

These ideas, first presented before the United States Chamber of Commerce in Washington in early December, have been incorporated in part in the proposals of the Walfield committee, and, on the other hand, would achieve something of the same result aimed at by Senator Cummins's plan for regional operation by large competing systems, without going to the difficult length of government purchase, with the inevitable controversies which would arise over the prices to be paid. The plan looks forward to freeing the roads from the blighting and benumbing influences to which they have been subjected for ten years or more, and which have finally brought them to their present plight, and give rein to "an aggressive spirit of enterprise." This, as Mr. Warburg remarks,

> "for the continued intensive and free development of a country whose resources we have only begun to unfold, we need—not the lazy and arbitrary bureaucracy and political atmosphere that, with us, would be certain to follow if one great regional corporation would cover the entire United States. A business spirit of rivalry must be kept alive by the preservation of a number of large units of railroads, competing on broad lines—not in rates but in service—and by the opportunity given them to earn more than the guaranteed minimum."

Clearly, this is the spirit in which the problem must be solved.

Municipal Aerodromes

Anticipating the extension of the aero mail system and the beginning of aero passenger service, several wide-awake chambers of commerce are planning municipal aerodromes. Newark is raising a fund of $25,000 to construct a landing place for the aeroplane mail. The regular New York-Washington aero mail service now has its terminal at Belmont Park, Long Island, a half hour's ride by train from this city. The mail must travel via the Pennsylvania Railroad from the city to Belmont Park and then be transferred by truck to the aeroplanes. Newark's idea is to capture this terminal and make itself the relay point for aero mail between New York and Washington. But why should aeroplanes carrying mail to or from New York City land either in Belmont Park or Newark? Why shouldn't they land near the heart of the city? The space can be found.

Already aeroplanes are flying regularly and on schedule time from Belmont Park through rain, shine, snow or fog, negotiating the distance to Philadelphia in less than an hour and to Washington in an average of two hours! In 350 consecutive flights, in all kinds of weather, only three 'planes were delayed, and not one failed to carry the mail through to its destination. This is a record for stability of service that cannot be surpassed by steamboat or train. Next spring, when the aero mail service to Chicago and other points West is inaugurated, it will be all the more necessary that aircraft shall have a nearer landing place. A city like Spokane, with a population of only 150,000, has already established a municipal landing field, properly equipped with hangars, shops, etc. The Spokane Chamber of Commerce has also applied to Assistant Postmaster General Praeger to inaugurate aero mail service between that city and Pacific Coast towns. Seattle is 300 miles away from Spokane as an aeroplane flies and it requires twelve hours for the quickest mail train to traverse the distance. Any mail aeroplane can do it in less than three. Spokane is awake to the possibilities of the aero mail. New York is not.

Chocolate Cream Soldiers

Playgoers and play readers recall the amusing military satire which made Bernard Shaw's earlier fame under the title of "Arms and the Man." In it the playwright represents a frightened and fugitive soldier, who saves his life by invading the heroine's bedroom, as seizing avidly upon a box of chocolate creams. He explains that in battle it is a soldier's standard food, and that all old-timers going into action throw out a good part of their cartridges and fill up on chocolate. To the charge that he was holding the soldier up to ridicule, Shaw quoted from official testimony.

From our army in France the demand for candy has been heavy, and to date something like 20,000,000 pounds have been shipped, with large reinforcements to follow. It is not to smile, though the reasons for this large demand for sweets are other than those in Shaw's comedy. Youth and activity have large need of carbohydrates, and a sugar ration or its equivalent is just as essential as any other food. It is much more essential to our American army, which did not distribute or use alcoholic beverages in anything like the quantity consumed by the wine and beer-using populations of Europe. One or the other the body must have, and the equivalence is exact. Apparently the sugars and their kin are in large part directly used by the body in the form of alcohol. One of our leading physiologists once made a computation that the average adult body manufactures and burns up daily a quart or more of simple alcohols, derived mainly from the carbohydrates.

To Be Answered Very Soon

(From The Baltimore Sun)

How dry is a bone?

The Conning Tower

The Doughboy and the Lady

Clorinda, when I went away,
You took my job, with all its pay.
You held it down and did it well
While I was holding St. Mihiel.

You held my job so splendidly
That now they have no need for me.
Clorinda, I'm a decent sort
And so I took it like a sport.

But on my homeward subway beat,
If it so chance I get a seat,
Think not unkindly for a minute
Of me if I keep sitting in it.

"They are men of education and wealth, as a rule," says the Sun's Washington correspondent, writing of Parlor Bolsheviki, "who thirst for some means of getting notoriety and realize that they can attract immediate attention by embracing a cause like Bolshevism, which is being so universally condemned." Now men of education and wealth, if they really thirst for notoriety, should realize that they can attract equally immediate attention by attacking a cause like Bolshevism,—or attacking everything they don't like and calling it Bolshevism,—which is being so universally condemned.

"Take off your whiskers!" cry the Allied Powers to the Bolshevik government. "We recognize you!"

A MAD, MAD WAG

Sir: Says somebody to me to-day, "I hear Ford is going to make a six cylinder car." Says I quick, "More power to him." HAWK.

The business of exposing the subjective use of "whom" is a wearisome one, even more so to this department than to its readers. But we ask no pardon for doing it, nor shall we ever relent. It is a misuse that indicates a pose on the part of the writer; and as such should be attacked. When, for instance, a writer like Frank Swinnerton, in "Shops and Houses," says: "Not Louis! Oh, not Louis! But whom could it be?" he deserves no mercy.

Nor does Wyndham Martyn, for saying in "Anthony Trent, Master Criminal," "'Whom do you think I am?' she asked."

The Complete Letter Writer

[Received by a theatrical manager]

Dear Sir: Just a few lines letting you know that I have been Honorably discharged from the service of the United States army and would like to have an interview with you in regards as to my entertaining as an actor as I have been in the service for the last eighteen months as an entertainer with my singing the latest hits for the boys over here before they went across and they sure did enjoy my beautiful voice.

I guess you remember me writing you some time ago in regards to my singing so if you choose to have an interview with me some evening at your office I sure will come down to see you and give you an idea of my talent and I know for a positive fact you will be pleased to hear my singing as a try-out. My voice Mr. Hopkins is very sweet tenor voice and very melodious as I put the feeling and the way a song should be sung.

I can also refer you to a young gentleman up in Philadelphia who was drafted into the service whom I've met and sure has talent as he was an actor in private life as he sure is a bear at playing a bangoreen as he sure can make that thing talk.

Him and I use to go about camp, me singing and he playing the bangoreen, and we sure did make a hit as we took first prize at an amateur show one night in camp. So if you care to write to him as I spoke to him about you, if he says he hears from you why he'll come down to see you.

You can tell him that I referred him to you, and you can also mention my name. I sure would like to travel with him, as he sure has talent about him and he knows also I have too.

So Mr. Hopkins, you can let me know when to call, as I sure do want to get started on my way and make good so please do let me know as soon as possible when to call to see you.

Hoping to receive a favorable reply from you as to my request,

Respectfully yours,

Mr. ....

Many are the geographical changes due to the war. Mr. Samuel Hopkins Adams's farm at Ensenore, N. Y., called in more affluent days "Wide Waters," now is known as "Financial Straits."

None so anti-German as the revered proofroom. Three times the story mentions Lüchow's—once as Luechow's, once as Löchnow's, and once as Lüchnow.

TO KATHERINE, WHO WANTS TO KNOW.

Have I found the Real One yet,
After searches, hopes, and dreaming,
Often finding that the gleaming
Gold was just mirage's net
For the hopeful pilgrim set?

Katharine, my answer's "Yea!"
That, my dear, is all the trouble:
If love would but prove a bubble,
Lasting for a single day——
But, alas, it's not that way.

Every one's a Real One, true
As I stand here, boldly preaching.
If they'd pass, content with teaching——
Or just simmer down to two;
But they won't, so what's to do?

ARCHIE.

It is time that we sponged out the once unerasable impression that a mandate is something that made tyranny tremble. It is, as no fewer than seven contribs pointed out before 2 o'clock yesterday afternoon, something that makes heroes assemble. It was banners that caused tyranny's trepidation.

Mother Goose, 1920.

Little Miss Muffet sat in a buffet,
Eating some shredded hay;
A naughty man spied her and ordered some cider,
Which frightened Miss Muffet away.

At the risk and with the hope of appearing sentimental, it occurs to us that a boy's best Welcoming Committee is his mother.

"In France," writes R. S., "I suppose you learned the language."

The editorial "Oui." F. P. A.

An Equality of Mud and Misery

How Russia's Proletariat Was Not Lifted, but How Its Bourgeoisie Was Dragged Down

An article from the "Nieuwe Rotterdamsche Courant" by Mynheer Oudenyk, Acting Minister for Holland at Petrograd, and a resident of Russia for twenty-five years.

BISMARCK once uttered the wish that to the Socialists should be given a country where they could work and handle affairs and show what they would attain by the accomplishment of their ideals. It seems as if Providence has designed Russia for this trial.

The result is that there exist more tyranny, cruelty, bribery and misery under the new "free" government than under any other government Russia has known.

A small group of people has purposely, with the utmost refinement and with staggering perseverance, wiped out Russia's wealth, her prosperity and her future. Whatever was in Russia has been thrown down and crushed, or "investigated" so thoroughly that nothing remains.

Petrograd is empty; the few people outdoors wander about like spectres, with pale faces and hollows round their eyes and mouths from hunger. The horses drop in front of the carriages from mere exhaustion. The dogs in the streets are bony, shivering creatures.

I have had Russians come to me and swoon in my arms from hunger and misery. They had heard that the Netherlands Ambassador would, perhaps, be able to help them. Every institute of public charity and common assistance has been wrecked and ruined. The International Seafarers' Home at Petrograd, even, has not escaped. The old captain and his wife who managed the home for years have been put out without means of existence. All their protests have been of no consequence. Commerce, industry, banking and mining have stopped entirely. The banks have been plundered, and all the money values and shares have been taken into custody. The records of notes and drafts have been scattered to the four winds. With confiscated goods, the Bolsheviki try to create a barter with foreign countries.

The Only Hope

A total annihilation of the present system is the only possible saving of Russia. The country, with the greater part of its inhabitants, has been thrown into the deepest misery and despondency. There are no foodstuffs any more. The distribution of food tickets is useless, as in most cases one cannot get anything on them. Railway traffic has almost stopped and, accordingly, the import of food. Only on the big lines some traffic is maintained, but the trains creep along from one station to another, and after one hour's ride they stop for one hour and a half. No organized schedule is kept. The carriages have been entirely plundered, the brasswork, the curtains, racks and coverings of the seats have gone. Travelling has been made almost impossible by an unheard-of passport tyranny. To buy a railroad ticket one needs a spacial permit. On the road from Petrograd to Moscow your baggage is examined three times. Thus, the inhabitants are imprisoned in the cities, left to despotism, hunger and a want of the most needful articles.

It is impossible to escape from the country, as the frontiers are hermetically closed to those who have not sufficient means to bribe the frontier guards. The population seems to lack all energy to rise against its oppressors. All the energy of the people has been systematically crushed. There is no police, no safety service, no jurisprudence. In their place came terrorism and despotism. Never under the old régime were there so many imprisonments, so many executions in masses as we see now daily. Many a time have I seen a crowd of weeping women in front of the prisons, looking for their husbands, brothers and sons, taken from them without trial and whose whereabouts they did not know. Heartrending tales I have heard from these women.

The Four Classes

The "freedom" system of the Bolsheviki has destroyed and ruined everything; it has erected nothing. All that the Bolsheviki can do is to display fine words in the newspapers and at lectures, but the simple truth is that the people are given to hunger and misery as they have been never before in any country on the globe. Nothing is left even for the proletariat. Smuggled goods are all one can get for exorbitant prices. The clandestine trade with provisions is indescribable. One pound of butter costs $25 to $35; one pound of meat, $11 to $12.50; bread, $7.50 a pound, which is, for all that, a moist and uneatable straw paste. Of course, these are the prices of smuggling, but the fact that they are paid shows how far famine has gone.

The "distribution" had divided the people into four classes. The largest class (who get most) includes the "élite" of the laboring element—those who do heavy labor and the outcasts of the community, among whom are mixed released criminals and such elements. They get a nominal of one-half pound of bread a day. The second class, including the laborers on lighter work, have only a right to one-quarter of a pound of bread a day. The lower officials, from the third class, get one-eighth of a pound of bread daily, and the lowest class, the bourgeoisie, do not get anything. In truth, the whole system means that most of the people get nothing. Coal has been out for a long time. Public industries, gas and electricity factories are kept going with naphtha for fuel, but this is running out, too. I tremble when thinking of the sufferings of the Russian people in the coming winter. It is easy to understand that health conditions are very poor. The hospitals, however, are in total disorder and medicines are hardly to be had.

On the anniversary of the revolution, November 7 and 8, many arches were erected in Petrograd, and the public buildings were covered with large strips of white cloth on which unintelligible futuristic pictures and Bolshevik inscriptions had been designed. Three hundred thousand yards of cotton goods were used for this purpose, and this while the population is lacking all material for underwear. The workingmen working on these arches received $125 wages a day. Such instances describe fully Russia's mismanagement.

The lightheartedness with which money is given out is unbelievable. They jingle with millions and billions as if these were of no importance. Just before I left a decree had been issued ordering a single levy of ten billions. The bourgeoisie have to pay this. It is inconceivable how they can find the money, as they have been gradually stripped of their belongings, and the one single levy will therefore mean the giving up of everything thus far left to them. Money, as a matter of fact, is easy to be got—one has only to print it. The presses are lenient. The only trouble to come is that the blue ink for coloring the notes will give out. Every day a new amount of unnumbered, unsigned notes is circulated, and nobody knows how many are issued, and the notes are not properly covered by gold specie. The total amount of the paper money (the only money in circulation) can safely be estimated to be $25,000,000,000. What is to become of the credit of the country under such circumstances?

Violently the people are robbed until their last penny has been taken. They are put out of their houses and offices and given over to misery. Half of the shops in Petrograd are closed, after having been ruined. The other half cannot sell before the "distribution."

Clerks Boss the Boss

The shopkeepers have no voice in their own business. In their places the clerks are managing the affairs. They prescribe their own wages and working hours. Personally I have seen an example of despotism. A man had a small shop in a provincial town, but his standing was no better than any common laborer. Because he had a shop he was considered a bourgeois. This shop was taken away from him and he was thrown into prison, while his family were left to provide for themselves. They got his release at last for a high ransom, but what can he do at present? There is no work for a bourgeois. On the little money left to him he cannot live without giving suspicion to the authorities. Without means of existence he and his family were without food and nearly insane. Suicide is very often the only way out for those unfortunates. Every one owning a few thousand rubles tries to keep them and is for that already marked as a capitalist. Thus the government can only count on the very poorest classes, on those who have nothing and are nothing. Among the farmers, too, they can only count on the poorest ones, who have no land of their own and in many cases not even a hut to live in. All the land, it is said, belongs to the nation. In results this nationalization means that one person takes what is robbed from another.

In many cases the farmers even do not want this nationalized land, as they are afraid that in their turn they will be regarded as bourgeoisie. The result of all this is that the land remains uncultivated or is insufficiently fertilized. On the whole farming has stopped for the greater part. Everything that has been nationalized or socialized seems to have been touched by a withering hand: it fades and dies. The socialized tug service on the Volga, formerly of great importance for grain and petroleum transport, has stopped. The barges are rotting in the river. Foreign shipping is of no importance any more. So many formalities have to be observed that business has been made impossible. Large placards on the street corners call on the proletariat to take possession of the houses of the bourgeoisie. The people are put out of their homes with two hours' notice and must leave their furniture. Constantly one sees so-called confiscated furniture taken out of the houses while the inhabitants are left to find other quarters.

This is such a common sight that one hardly notices it. The tragedy of a family losing in a few hours all they and their ancestors have earned and worked for has become such a daily occurrence that one passes unmoved, hardened by the sight of too much misery.

Servants lead a miserable existence. Nobody can employ them, and at their wits' end they go and offer their services for nothing just to have a home and food. Many bourgeoisie have tried to earn their living by selling newspapers and sweets, and the tales of ex-generals selling newspapers and princesses serving in shops and at counters are no imaginary tales. But this, generally their only means of living, has also been forbidden to them. Those who possessed jewelry, antiques or costly furniture have tried to sell them when they needed money. This also has stopped. The transportation of furniture without special permission (of course unattainable for a bourgeois) has been prohibited.

Censor Is Supreme

The army itself is disorganized. The troops in the service of the present government are composed of the most extreme reds kept by extraordinarily high pay and extra food rations.

The public is utterly ignorant of what is happening in other countries as well as in their own. Only government newspapers are issued, and they give only one-sided and misleading news.

The censor is a hundred times more exacting than under the old régime. In the beginning some German papers could be had at Petrograd, but their import has been stopped lately, so we were totally ignorant of what happened in the universe. Unemployment has risen enormously. Never before has the world witnessed such an intentional annihilation of products and means as we see now in Russia.

All factories are ruined. The engines are taken away or transported from one factory to another. The object of this is obvious. The few workingmen who are still willing to work must earn enormous wages, while they do very litle work. Thus the employers are obliged to throw great sums of money to the workers while their output is paralyzed for a long time, perhaps for good. Only a large importation of foreign capital shall be able to restore the thus spoiled industries. Nowhere is there any sign of enthusiasm for the present government.

The population has lost all energy and seems paralyzed. Th Bolsheviki enjoy themselves in theatres and moving picture shows, at concerts and dances. In the Imperial palace they have installed a moving picture theatre. But the bourgeoisie dare hardly show themselves in the street, because public safety is very lax.

In the cities I have not seen much drunkenness. A great deal of brandy is made in the country, but in the cities alcohol is so scarce that all the eau de cologne, and even all the polish, has been drunk.

Of course the situation is relatively better in the country, where the farmers try to keep as much as possible of their grain and other products. The great quantities of grain and minerals in Siberia are unattainable by the Soviet government.

The Dutch colony has almost entirely left Petrograd, for the foreign population is as little safeguarded against the terrorism of the Bolsheviki as the Russians themselves. Those who remained have closed their offices, and like the bourgeoisie they lead a pitiful existence trying to sell things in the streets. Instead of lifting the lower classes to a higher level the new system has dragged everything above them down into their mud and misery.

ACROSS THE BRIDGE

Copyright, 1919, *The New York Evening World*

Trees as a Memorial

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: What more fitting memorial can be erected to Theodore Roosevelt than the planting of memorial trees? Colonel Roosevelt did more than any other man to awaken the public to the value of our forests and inland resources when he called the conference of governors in 1908. At that conference he said: "We must prepare against the advent of a woodless age." Why not have the people of the United States answer that call by planting memorial trees to Colonel Roosevelt's honor?

CHARLES L. PACK.

Washington, Feb. 3, 1919.

Maybe Mark's Right, at That

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: Mark Sullivan, in his article reprinted in The Tribune, says: "European politics are much more sordid than American politics ever was at its worst." Why is (or are) European politics plural and American politics singular? And special signification? FELIX ORMAN.

New York, Feb. 4, 1919.

A Brewery Town

(From The New Orleans Picayune)

Did you happen to note, in passing, that St. Louis laid the "biggest water main in the world" on the day after the prohibition amendment was ratified?

Dawn of the Great Unwashed

(From The Cleveland Food Dealer)

The new revenue bill puts soap in the luxury class. Is this the entering wedge of Bolshevism?